

ORIGINAL MASTER RECORDING ORIGINAL MASTER RECORDING



Tiny Music...

UDSACD 2294

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Press Play

(Music by Stone Temple Pilots)

Robert – Guitars

Dean – Bass

Eric – Drums

Scott – Percussion

Brendan – Fender Rhodes Piano

Pop's Love Suicide

(Music by D. DeLeo; Words by S. Weiland)

Can you figure out what I want, pull the
trigger with a pop gun
Mindless fools that aggravate it pick at
you in desperation

Oh it's a love pop suicide
Oh I'm in love pop suicide

Pop life living is so real
Midwest farmers' kids are milkfed
Breed and incubate what you see
Ten years later here on t.v.

Oh it's a love pop suicide

I'm in love pop suicide
Father can't you love your women
Father can't you teach your children
Long range love implosion short wicked
Short wave mind explosion

Oh I'm in love suicide, about a
pop star homicide

Scott – Vocals

Dean – Guitars

Robert – Bass, Six-String Bass

Eric – Drums, Percussion

Brendan – Percussion

Hand Claps by **Dean, Robert, Brendan**

Tumble In The Rough

(Music by S. Weiland; Words by S. Weiland)

I can't eat
I can't sleep
I can't live
I can't cry
I can't die
I can't walk
I can't talk
Booze
I can booze

Steal your shoes
So I can move
Tumble in the rough
Tumble in the rough
Tumble in the rough

I'm looking for a new meditation
Still looking for a new way to fly
Don't want any plastic validation
Not looking for a new way to die
I made excuses for a million lies
But all I got was humble kidney pie
So what

I'm lookin' for a new stimulation
Quite bored of those inflatable ties
I'm lookin' for a new rock sensation
Dead fish don't swim around in
jealous tides

I made excuses for a million lies
But all I got was humble kidney pie
So what

Scott - Vocals
Dean - Guitars
Robert - Bass
Eric - Drums

Big Bang Baby

(Music by R. DeLeo; Words by S. Weiland)

I got a picture of a photograph
Of a wedding and a shell
It's just burning aching memory
I never kiss and tell

So turn it up and burn it
There's a hole in your head
There's a hole in your head
Where the birds can't sing along

Does anybody know how the story
really goes
Or do we all just hum along
Sell your soul and sign an autograph

Big bang baby, it's a crash, crash, crash

I wanna die, but I gotta laugh
Orange crush mama is a laugh,
laugh, laugh

Spin me up, spin me, spin me out
Station to station send me up and out
Is this what life and love is all about
I think I think so

We used to see in color
Now it's only black and white
It's only black and white
Because the world is color blind

Nothing's for free, nothing's for free
Take it away boys
Nothing's for free, nothing's for free
Take it away boys

Scott - Vocals
Dean - Guitars, Six-String Bass
Robert - Bass, Backing Vocals
Eric - Drums
Brendan - Piano
Hand Claps by
Eric, Robert, Brendan, Steve Stewart, Gena Rankin

Lady Picture Show

(Music by R. DeLeo; Words by S. Weiland)

Lady picture show, she hides behind the
bedroom door
Lady picture show, she hides behind the
bedroom wall

She hides because she don't know
nothin', don't know nothin' anymore

She keeps a funny face it's locked and
bagged it's just outside the door

She doesn't know her name
She doesn't know her face
She doesn't know her name
She doesn't know her face anymore
And don't believe

Lady picture show, she hides behind the
bedroom door
Lady picture girl, I think them boys don't
like your show

Lady picture show them boys are gone,
should just say no

Your wedding present's not so daisy
picture perfect anymore
Lady funny face it's locked and bagged
it's just outside the door
Don't know nothin' anymore

Scott - Vocals
Dean - Guitars
Robert - Bass, Backing Vocals
Eric - Drums, Percussion
Brendan - Percussion

And So I Know

(Music by R. DeLeo; Words by S. Weiland)

And so I know, it's begun again
Never be the same, and with that I said
Never ever be this way again
Hold on till the end (campfire girls make
me feel alright)
(Campfire girls make me feel alright)

Like it's the last hello
Whirlwinds and rollercoasters
Long grass making shapes hello
Disappearing, disappearing floating
graves
Never, ever, ever, ever be this way
Never ever be this way again
And so I know (campfire girls, make me
feel alright)
(Campfire girls, make me feel alright)

It's begun again
Never be the same, and with that I said
Campfire girls, make me feel alright

Scott - Vocals
Dean - Guitars
Robert - Bass, Guitars, Vibes, Electric Harpsichord,
Percussion
Eric - Drums, Percussion
Brendan - Piano, Percussion

Trippin' On A Hole In A Paper Heart

(Music by E. Kretz; Words by S. Weiland)

Don't cut out my paper heart, I ain't
dyin' anyway
Take a look at eye full towers
Never trust them dirty liars
Sippin' lemon yellow booze 'ole' leadbelly
sings the blues
All dressed up on wedding day keep on
trippin' anyway

I am I am I said I'm not myself, but I'm
not dead and I'm not for sale
So keep your bankroll lottery eat your
salad day deathbed motorcade

Fake the heat and scratch the itch
Skinned up knees and salty lips
I'll breathe your life vicks vapor life
And when you binge I purge alike
Let go it's harder holding on
One more trip and I'll be gone

So keep your head up
Keep it on, just a whisper I'll be gone
Take a breath and make it big
It's the last you'll ever get

Break your neck with diamond noose
It's the last you'll ever choose

I am I am I said I'm not myself, but I'm
not dead and I'm not for sale
Hold me closer, closer let me go let me be
just let me be

Scott - Vocals
Dean - Guitars
Robert - Bass
Eric - Drums

Art School Girl

(Music by R. DeLeo, S. Weiland; Words by S. Weiland)

I gotta girlfriend, she goes to art school
I gotta art school girlfriend yeah
I gotta girlfriend, she gotta girlfriend
We gotta girlfriend, girlfriend gotta go
She left her home from sweet Alabama
Rose Alabama for the city, New York
City yeah
I told you five or four times

I gotta girlfriend, she goes to parties
Underground parties, Andy Warhol
everywhere
She wears the leather, I wear the makeup

We'll never break up, been together for a
month

She left her home from sweet Alabama
Rose Alabama for the city, New York
City yeah
I told you five or four times

Scott - Vocals
Dean - Guitars
Robert - Bass
Eric - Drums, Percussion
Brendan - Organ, Clavinet, Percussion

Adhesive

(Music by R. DeLeo; Words by S. Weiland)

My friend Blue he runs the show
With hot pink purple china glow
His family trees are molded
No longer grows in summer
He holds it closer lets it go
Picks a fruit but keeps it whole
Can't keep the submarine
Can't keep the light from fading

Grab the hate and drown it out
Grab the beat and drum it out
It's all so confusing

Have a listen lend an ear
Here's a song now if ya care
We can all just hum along
Words don't matter anymore

Adhesive love adhesive

Ain't the same for you and me
Cartoons like reality dogs and cats
and children
The deepest wound is hidden
Ain't the same for you and me
Comatose commodity the superheroes
dyin'

All the children cryin'
Sell more records if I'm dead
Purple flowers once again
Hope it's sooner. Hope it's near corporate
records' fiscal year
Down the river, down the river

Flyin' high across the plain
Purple flowers ease the pain
Here, now have a listen
Ain't the songs you're missin'
Down the river, down the river

Stitch the womb and wet the bed with a
whisper I'll be dead
Don't let the living die yet!
Grab the hate...

Drown it out. Grab the beat...
Drum it out. It's all so confusing

Adhesive love adhesive

Scott - Vocals
Dean - Guitars
Robert - Bass
Eric - Drums, Fender Rhodes
Dave Ferguson - Trumpet

Ride The Cliché

(Music by D. DeLeo; Words by S. Welland)

She no wait, but she know me
Intake purge, it's my disease

Hold me closer let me be
Hold me closer let me go away
Barely know you know my name
Trip the witch and ride the shame

Just because you're so clichéd
It don't mean you won't get paid

Scott - Vocals
Dean - Guitars
Robert - Bass
Eric - Drums

Daisy

(Music by R. DeLeo)

Robert - Guitars

Seven Caged Tigers

(Music by D. DeLeo; Words by S. Welland)

Pass the time kickin' as time rips by
Neither goose nor the gander fly
Buy a minute spend an hour burnin',
burnin'
Take a peek as the model earns it,
earns it
Walk a mille as it keeps crawlin', crawlin'
Clean the politician, wash with everpure

So the answer gets harder
And the truth's getting farther and farther
And the bottle keeps churnin'
and churnin'
Seven caged tigers fly

Wastin' time chasin' those cows that fly
Churnin' out all that butterfly sugarboost

Track the blade as it sweeps downward
and onward
Take a pill it'll kill all the martyrs, martyrs
Passin' time rippin' as time kicks by
Pass the umbilical cord down for this
fly by
Take a sneak while the model earns it
earns it
Hike a mile as it keeps crawlin' on
crawlin' on

Scott - Vocals
Dean - Guitars
Robert - Bass
Eric - Drums
Brendan - Tambourine

Original Album Credits

Produced and Mixed by **BRENDAN O'BRIEN**

Recorded by **NICK DIDIA**

Second Engineer: **CARAM COSTANZO**

Recorded at **WESTERLY RANCH**, Santa Ynez, CA

Mixed at **SOUTHERN TRACKS**, Atlanta, GA

"Adhesive" Mixed at **BAD ANIMALS**, Seattle, WA

"Ride the Cliché" and "Seven Caged Tigers" Vocals Recorded at

HOLLYWOOD SOUND, Los Angeles, CA

"Ride the Cliché" and "Seven Caged Tigers" Vocals Engineered by
CHRIS GOSS and **TRACY CHISHOLM**

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Collage Photos: **STONE TEMPLE PILOTS**, **JOHN EDER**,

ALLISON DYER and **NICHOLAS DIDIA**

Art Direction & Design: **STONE TEMPLE PILOTS** and **JOHN HEIDEN**
for **S.M.O.G. L.A.**, CA

GMS Drums | Paiste Cymbals | Schecter Guitars

THANKS TO EVERYBODY



ORIGINAL MASTER RECORDING®

Songs from the Vatican Gift Shop

Produced by Brendan O'Brien

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Sebastopol, CA on the **GAIN HD SYSTEM™**

SPECIAL EDITION

No 000235



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STONE TEMPLE PILOTS TINY MUSIC... SONGS FROM THE VATICAN GIFT SHOP MOBILE FIDELITY SOUND LAB®

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Tiny Music...



ORIGINAL MASTER RECORDING



Mofi.

STONE TEMPLE PILOTS

TINY MUSIC... SONGS FROM THE VATICAN GIFT SHOP

1. Press Play
2. Pop's Love Suicide
3. Tumble in the Rough
4. Big Bang Baby
5. Lady Picture Show
6. And So I Know

7. Trippin' on a Hole in a Paper Heart
8. Art School Girl
9. Adhesive
10. Ride the Cliché
11. Daisy
12. Seven Caged Tigers

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GAIN HD ——— WITH 4X DSD



SUPER-AUDIO CD



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DSD

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